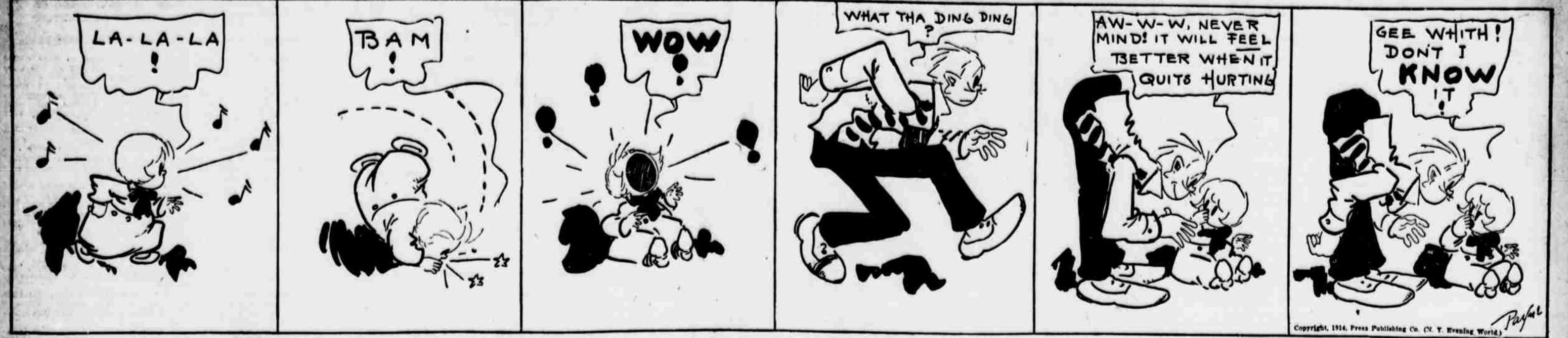


"S'MATTER POP?"

By C. M. Payne



FLOOEY and AXEL—When That Tank Runs Dry Axel Can Begin to Row the Thing Back!

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# The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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**AN ASSIST—BEASELEY TO JARR TO DINKSTON**

WHY can't you take this Mr. Measley around town?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "Surely you do not expect me to do it?"

"His name is Beasley and not Measley, although it should be the latter," replied Mr. Jarr. "But I simply can't get away from the office to take this bucolic party from Hays Corners sight-seeing, I can't get away on account of the war. So I can't do it, whether it makes his friend, our Uncle Henry, of Hays Corners, mad or not!"

"Oh, I'm so tired of hearing the war as an excuse!" cried Mrs. Jarr. "I've got my shopping to attend to, on account of the war, and I've got my housework to do on account of the war—just as much as you can't get away from that old office on account of the war!"

"Just the same the war's a most serious matter," Mr. Jarr declared. "We can't ship anything abroad because all the steamship lines are tied up. We can't get any of our raw wool in on account of railroads in Russia being tied up, and as for Austrian felts—how can we do a thing in Austrian felts when Austria is in a state of war?"

"Well, if you can't ship any goods on account of the war and if you can't receive any goods on account of the war, and if your whole business is at a standstill on account of the war, I should think it would be the very time you could get away," replied Mrs. Jarr. "Here's a postal card from Uncle Henry saying Town Commissioner and Janitor of Town Hall the Hon. Lemuel Beasley—how formal Uncle Henry is when he uses his indelible purple lead pencil to write a post card—and will go to the uniform firm to purchase uniforms for the entire department of Hays Corners, and he expects to bring both suits back with him. And Uncle Henry says that the Hon. Lemuel Beasley will have the entire afternoon left to go all around New York."

"I don't care what Uncle Henry

## ILLUSTRATING WEBSTER



**RIGADOON**  
"A GAY, LIVELY DANCE FOR ONE PERSON"  
—Webster

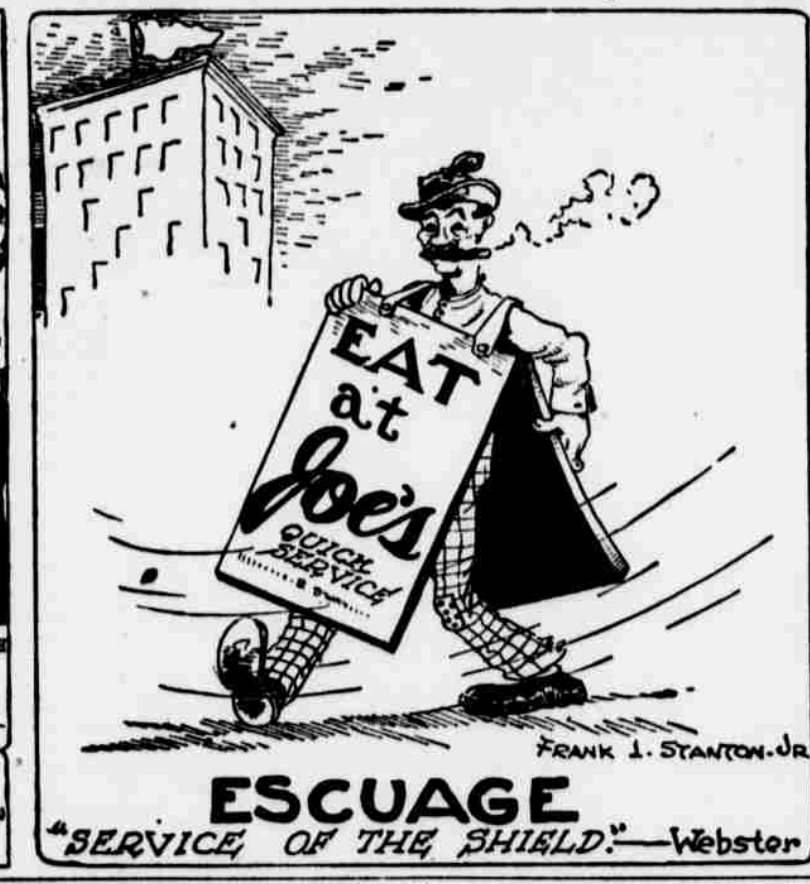
He was so afraid that when he conferred with Mr. Dinkston he only gave that erudite and tactful individual a dollar. "It isn't much, but you'll have to make it do, Dink!" said Mr. Jarr.

Mr. Dinkston turned up at Gus's at 9 and reported success. "I took Mr. Beasley up to Van Cortlandt Park on one side of the town and to the Bronx Zoo on the other side. It took four hours and cost 20 cents and he went home happy," he said.

"That was quick and cheap," ventured Mr. Jarr.

"The subway is both speedy and economical as an adjunct of sight seeing," declared Mr. Dinkston mildly.

## By Stanton



**ESCUAGE**  
"SERVICE OF THE SHIELD"—Webster

**Hickville Doings**  
From Our Hickville Correspondent  
Hazen Conklin

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**PERSONALS AND LOCALS.**

**POSTMASTER PELEG** PEEKS, who had promised to post daily war bulletins in the window of the Post-Office, has had to disappoint the anxious ones in our midst, as Ezra Hicks, our village crescent, calls for his city paper when the mail's opened and don't give Peleg no more chance to read it fast, and there ain't much real fresh news come on post-cards.

Amos Crabb, our local shoemaker, says that: If the Kaiser, and the Czar, and President Poincaré and Emperor Franz Josef and King Edward had only called into consultation our leading citizens of Bemis Bros. Back Room Parliament, there wouldn't be no war. There ain't no matter, national or international, that them wise fellers can't settle good and proper. They admit it. Incidental, here are some more sneers sneered by him:

It ain't the fallin' of our Hickville citizens that keeps 'em worried. It's each other's fallin'. Hickville ain't no different than any other community. You can alias tell the importance of a place by whether folks outside say the crows land out of it or in it.

## The Day's Good Stories

**The Politician and the Cot-Bed.**

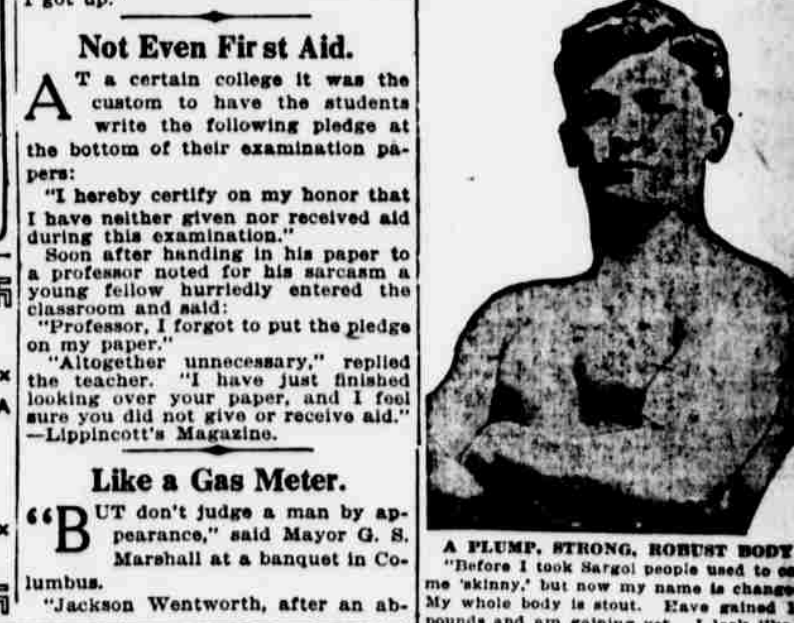
A WESTERN politician tells the following story as illustrating the inconveniences attached to campaigning in certain sections of the country.

Upon his arrival at one of the small towns in South Dakota, where he was to make a speech the following day, he found that the so-called hotel was crowded to the doors. Not having telegraphed for accommodations, the politician discovered that he would have to make shift as best he could. Accordingly, he was obliged for that night to sleep on a wire cot which had only some blankets and a sheet on it. As the politician is an extremely fat man, he found his improvised bed anything but comfortable.

"How did you sleep?" asked a friend in the morning.

"Fairly well," answered the fat man, "but I looked like a waffle when I got up."

**PEOPLE USED TO CALL ME 'SKINNY'**  
But Now My Name Has Changed. Gained 15 Pounds and Look Like a New Man.



**Not Even First Aid.**

AT a certain college it was the custom to have the students write the following pledge at the bottom of their examination papers:

"I hereby certify on my honor that I have neither given nor received aid during this examination."

Soon after handing in his paper to a professor noted for his sarcasm a young fellow hurriedly entered the classroom and said:

"Professor, I forgot to put the pledge on my paper."

"Altogether unnecessary," replied the teacher. "I have just finished looking over your paper, and I feel sure you did not give or receive aid."

—Lippincott's Magazine.

**Like a Gas Meter.**

"UT don't judge a man by appearance," said Mayor G. S. Marshall at a banquet in Columbus.

"Jackson Wentworth, after an absence of thirty years, returned to the home of his youth. Jackson had a slight affection of the skin which made his nose very red. Hence, when he called at the parsonage the old minister remarked:

"Jackson, Jackson, my man; I'm afraid you've become a hard drinker."

"Don't judge by appearances, Dr. Steenthly," said Jackson Wentworth. "I hardly average two glasses of beer a week."

"Well, then," said the minister in a soothing voice, "I guess your face, Jackson, is like my gas meter. It registers more than it consumes."

—Atlanta Constitution.

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RED MAN COLLARS

BEST PRODUCT

SONNY—ASK YOUR BOSS IF HE NEEDS A TYPIST.

I WOULDN'T HAVE WOMEN WORKING IN MY PLACE—

THE BOSS

HOW YOU FELT

IN YOUR FIRST PAIR OF LONG PANTS

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